

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOL. XXI. No. 20

THE BEACON PRESS, INC., BOSTON, MASS.

FEBRUARY 15, 1931

THEY all looked a question at Opal when she said that she knew just how to set about finding that lost bag of treasure.

"I didn't mean that I was going to begin all by myself," she explained. "But there is Gray Hawk. That day we left him standing on the big snowdrift he was thinking where he could look next for the bag, you could see it in his eye. Besides, if he is so good at finding things as Vlinn says, he might be able to find a pocket of gems in these rocks around Mr. Taine's cabin."

Vlinn laughed at this. "If Nathan couldn't find gems around this place I guess Gray Hawk couldn't either. That young Indian has sharp eyes but he is no geologist nor miner."

For all that, they hunted up Gray Hawk and asked him if he had thought of any other place to look for the treasure bag. He only shook his head and looked what Opal called "deep." But he went with them on a regular hunt that lasted for days. While they were about it they took a look at that rocky acre to see if any more gems were cropping out of the ledges. They found nothing.

"Couldn't expect to, with the snow piled up everywhere," Cary grumbled. "I'm pretty sick of shoveling. Let's knock off till spring and do some of the other things we have on our minds."

So Gray Hawk went home to his basket-making, and, to all appearances, gave up the search. Meanwhile, the young folks were seriously considering what they could do about school. The town had given up trying to find a teacher who would stay all winter in the snowdrifts on Sundown Mountain. The log schoolhouse which stood in an opening among some tall pines just back of the village street was fast shut, with

boards nailed over door and windows.

"Just think what a lovely place to go to school in the summer time," commented Loris.

"It wouldn't be bad in winter, either," declared Cary who had found a crevice in the boards that covered one of the windows. "It's a pleasant enough room and with that big stove it could be made comfortable. The sun shines in all day, one side or the other."

"It would be such a lovely place for those poor little Smith children to come every morning," exclaimed Opal. "And there are lots of other children who have miserable homes. This place would be like a refuge to them."

In their exploring trips in and around

the deserted village they had found several families living in such poor quarters that the children were really suffering. Many of those long deserted houses were ruinous, with perhaps one or two rooms that could be used.

One man named Smith who worked in the woods all day had brought his seven children to live in a two-room camp down a snowy lane.

The eldest child, Ruth, a girl of eleven, did her best to make the six smaller ones comfortable in that poor place. But they had little furniture, almost no dishes, and their clothes were in rags. The mother was taking care of a sick sister down in one of the valley villages.

"I moved into this shack because a small place is easier to keep warm," explained the father, when they asked him why he had not taken possession of a larger house. "We did try living in a bigger one over there on the street, but the roof leaked like a sieve and the rats scared the children almost out of their wits."

The little Smiths were in such a pitiable plight that Cary went home and brought back Mother Merridew to advise them as to what should be done. When she arrived on the scene, conveyed by the pung and the horse with a Roman nose, there were what Cary called "ructions." But they were "ructions" of the right sort. Before night the children had been moved into a small house next to the store, which had been cleaned and aired by the three girls and Cary and Vlinn. The roof did not leak and the grocer gave them two cats to keep the rats away.

The little Smiths were so pleased with their new home, especially the cats, that they danced all over the place while Ruth, the little elder sister, looked on, half laughing and half crying.

"I can manage all right now," she

THE HORSE WITH A ROMAN NOSE

BY MABEL S. MERRILL

PART V



"There was always snowshoeing and skiing and exploring in the woods."

said, "and mother will be so pleased when I write her all about it. How nice everything looks! Why, it's the best home we ever had."

The girls and boys and Mother Merridew felt well repaid for their trouble when they heard Ruth say that. They had spared everything possible from their own rooms and the neighbors had helped.

"There's a fireplace and a stove, too, and Vlinn and I are going to see that the kids have dry fuel enough from the dead stuff out in the woods," Cary said with satisfaction. "There's one bit of rescue work done. The other families about here are not so much in need of help as the Smiths were."

"But all the children in the neighborhood need a nice, warm, bright schoolroom to come to every morning, with someone to teach them to play games, and to tell them stories," sighed Opal.

"We could do all that ourselves," cried Loris. "Let's ask the town to let us open the schoolhouse and use it. We can have lessons, too. We shall be teaching ourselves while we're teaching those little ones, and we can go on with our own work, getting ready for high school next year, or whenever we can manage to go."

They all jumped at the idea, and as the town readily consented to let them use the schoolhouse, the play-school was soon in running order. The schoolroom was pleasant and sunshiny with everything scrubbed clean and a big fire in the barrel-shaped stove. Loris and Opal remembered the hot luncheons their teacher at Deneville used to prepare for those pupils who came from such a distance that they could not go home at noon.

"We'll do the same," announced Opal. "Each child shall bring whatever is convenient and we'll cook it on top of the stove or on the little oilstove that Mother Merridew brought up with her in the pung."

Loris nodded happily. "Then we Kinsleys and Redmonds will contribute as much as we like. I'd be willing to do with less at home if we could have some real feasts for these hungry kiddies."

They were soon so busy with all the things that they almost forgot about the lost treasure bag. The schoolroom became the most interesting place in town. The children came in such numbers that it was quite amazing to the Kinsleys who had not dreamed there were so many in the scattered homes. The older ones taught and fed and played with the younger ones during the day. In the evening they studied their own lessons by themselves until Nelson Anthony, a young man who was time-keeper down at the lumber camp, suggested evening school.

"Shouldn't wonder if I could help you with your studies," he said to Cary. "I'm hoping to go to college next year and I like teaching. Seems to freshen up a fellow's brains. Besides, we could have an entertainment now and then. In

The Trumpeter

By CATHERINE PARMENTER

One winter morning on the windowpane I saw Jack Frost had been at work again;

And that same morning when I went to play

The sun had never shone a single ray!
So Mother buttoned me in lots of coats,
And helped me into heavy winter boots,
And as I stepped outside the door I knew
(For 'round the corner North Wind
loudly blew)

February, the trumpeter, had passed,
Leaving his echo in the snowy blast.

And when that night I snuggled into bed
The trumpet's blare kept ringing through
my head.

And oh, I wished so much that I might
know

If every child were sheltered from the
snow!

In foreign lands, in ships upon the sea,
Were other children safe and warm—like
me?

a place like this anything of the sort
would be mighty welcome."

This was exactly the kind of help they had been wanting. Cary and his sisters found themselves getting on with their studies while Vlinn and Jane who had had no chance to go to school for the last two years declared that Nelson's help was a big lift.

Nelson brought his violin, too, and a small radio which he set up at the schoolhouse and left there in charge of Vlinn and Cary.

"Use it as you like through the day and we'll have concerts in the evening when there is something specially good," said Nelson.

By and by Mother Merridew thought of a plan which proved to be valuable. She proposed that the mothers of the families in poor little homes around the village should meet at her house to do their sewing and mending.

"None of them has a sewing-machine," she said. "I brought mine up in the back of the pung. At the general store I noticed some good warm stuff that wouldn't cost much; you have to have so little for a child's dress or a baby's jacket. You girls can help Saturdays."

The Saturday sewing-bees soon became so popular that no woman or girl wanted to miss one. Jane and Loris and Opal had great fun contriving little coats and dresses and caps out of a barrel of second-hand clothing which some friends in Deneville had sent up. They sent magazines, too, in answer to Opal's letters and sometimes they put in books and toys and games which their own children had outgrown.

So it came about that the quarry vil-

lage, from being a lonesome place buried in snow, became such a lively spot that the days went by like the wind. Of course there was always snowshoeing and skiing and exploring in the woods. On Christmas Eve they trimmed the big fir that stood in the village square and lighted it clear to the top with lanterns covered with colored paper shades. There were two smaller trees in the schoolroom and Nelson had a lively time playing Santa Claus, for every man, woman and child had a present. Even the horse with a Roman nose had an extra measure of oats with a red ribbon tied around it.

"We owe it all to him," Vlinn explained. "If he hadn't come poking that Roman nose in here on the night of the storm when you didn't know where you were at, we shouldn't have had a whole winter of fun. Jane and I would have been all alone in this old house with only Steady and Jingle for company."

"Until you came and showed us," added Jane, "we didn't know we had any neighbors."

That night as they were all gathered in the Kinsley sitting room, Cary showed them a letter he had brought from the store which was once more a post office.

"I'm afraid," he said, "that our fun is about over. Dad says in this letter that Grandmother is all right and able to travel. They have started East and will be here in less than a week. Then we shall all have to go back to Deneville."

Vlinn and Jane could hardly have looked more dismayed if a bomb had exploded in that quiet room. Somehow they had taken it for granted that their friends would be with them for a long time yet. Why, it was only February! As for the Kinsleys, they looked quite as much upset as the two Redmonds did. To go away and leave all their pleasant doings right in the middle—that was a dreadful thought. Besides, though they had plenty of friends in Deneville they had no such pals as Vlinn and Jane had been.

As they sat staring silently at each other the outer door opened quietly and Gray Hawk stood looking in at them.

"Come," he said, in a low voice. "At last I have something to show you."

(To be continued)

"Ear-Responsible"

By HILDA M. WALTERS

I shouldn't mind to wash my ears
If they were plain and straight,
But they're full of little cubbyholes
Where dirt can 'cumulate,
And I must rub and scrub and rub
And fill them full of soap,
And rinse them out and shine them up,
Until they're clean,—I hope.
If they were only plainer,
How happy I should be!
I wouldn't have what Mother calls
My ear-responsibility.

How You Can Help Us

We wish to make *The Beacon* just as good as it can possibly be made. We have been trying to do our best right along, but there may have been things which we have overlooked. We shall be glad to hear from church-school teachers and superintendents, ministers, parish workers, parents, and especially the children themselves. Write and tell us what you like in *The Beacon*, what you think would make it better. Be frank. We are on the lookout for good ideas.

A Snowball and Beefsteak

By RUTH E. CLINTON

IT had been snowing for three days. The yard looked like a big frosted cake, the tops of the fences seemed to be covered with whipped cream, and the trees were like crisp, sugary candy.

Marjorie had never seen so much snow. Indeed, it was quite unusual for the early spring even in the Colorado city where Marjorie lived. But this morning the sun was brightly shining and as soon as she was dressed, Marjorie ran to the window to see how pretty it was.

"Oh, Daddy," she called. "There's the funniest big snow ball up in the tree! How do you 'spose it could get up so high?"

"Well, well," said Daddy, as he looked out of the window. "That looks as though it might bear investigating." So he put on his big rubber boots and his heavy sweater and Marjorie watched him from the window as he waded through the snow to the big maple tree. He had to get the bench that stood under the kitchen window to stand on so he could reach up and pick the snowball off the tree. And what do you think it was? A Robin Red Breast all huddled up in a ball and so cold and hungry he couldn't even shake the snow off himself. With such a heavy snow fall, he hadn't been able to find any food to keep him warm.

Daddy brushed him off, shook the branches clear of snow and put Mr. Robin up in the tree again. Then he got the shovel and cleared the snow away from under the big tree. After that he went into the kitchen where Mother was getting breakfast and begged a big piece of raw meat. He cut it into small pieces and put it in the clear place under the tree where Mr. Robin was sitting. At first he didn't seem to notice, but just sat all huddled up like a ball, but by and by he opened one eye and perked his head on one side and took a peek at the nice red meat on the ground, but he couldn't seem to make up his mind to find out what it was.

Marjorie watched and watched from the window and after Mr. Robin had perked his head on first one side and then the other and looked down at the meat for a long time, he finally flew down to the ground, or rather, he nearly tumbled



Were Ever Friends Like These?

By ADELAIDE WILSON ARNOLD

It was at a pretty inn in the California redwoods that we made the acquaintance of this most unusual pair of friends, a sleek young buck and a snow-white leghorn pullet.

Our host had found the deer on a wild mountain trail one morning several months before. Its mother had evidently been killed by a careless hunter, and the tiny fawn, only a few hours old, was nearly dead of exposure. He carried the poor baby home and fed it with a bottle until it was old enough to eat for itself. It thrived beyond most fawns of its age and became the pet of the camp.

Some blooded leghorn pullets were kept in a pen near the fawn's sleeping quarters. One of these, a pretty, wilful bird, began flying over the fence into the fawn's manger, and gradually the pair seemed to strike up a strange friendship. At first our host always caught the pullet and returned her to the poult-

try yard, but at last he became interested in her persistent naughtiness and let her alone, only shutting her up at night to keep her safe from the coyotes.

While our host was telling us the story of the young deer there was a flutter of wings and over the fence came the little white hen. She landed in the straw at the fawn's feet and pecked and clucked about him while he munched a wisp of alfalfa. Presently she rubbed her bill against one of his slender hoofs, her head coyly on one side. The little buck stopped munching, poked her gently with his budding horns, then lay down in the straw. Immediately the pullet snuggled down beside him, resting her white neck against his soft dappled throat, her cluck changing to a contented croon. There they rested, while we came and went about them, took their pictures and talked in our alien voices. Were ever friends like these?

off, for he was 'most too cold and weak to fly. If Marjorie hadn't been so anxious for him to get something to eat she would have laughed at the way he tumbled off that tree.

When he got down on the ground it didn't take him long to sample that nice red meat and he ate and ate. Then he flew up in the tree and Marjorie watched to see what he would do next. All of a sudden away he went in the direction of the park nearby. Marjorie was so disappointed she nearly cried, for she had hoped to watch Mr. Robin all day, but Daddy told her not to cry for he was sure he would come back.

And, sure enough, back he came but he didn't come alone, for he had half a dozen other robins with him and pretty soon there were so many robins in the cleared place under the big maple that neither Marjorie nor Daddy could count them. Daddy had to go to the store three times that day to buy red meat for all those robins to eat.

"Daddy," Marjorie said, "I just believe Mr. Robin went down to the Park

and told all the other robins about his breakfast."

"I'm sure he did," replied Daddy. "He said 'Come on, fellows, I know where you can get a good feed' and they all came along."

"I never knew robins liked meat but I'm glad you knew what to feed 'em for they couldn't find any worms with all that snow on the ground. I hope they keep coming till the snow is gone and they can find their own breakfasts," Marjorie said.

Marjorie had her wish, for every day until the snow melted twenty or thirty robins came to get the meat that was so lovingly provided for them and no doubt they said "Thank you" many times. At least Marjorie thought so. And this is a true story.

The Table's Turned

He: "There never was a table that didn't have legs to stand upon."

She: "Oh, yes there is,—the Multiplication Table."

THE BEACON CLUB

The Editor's Post Box

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.



"Where can that mailman be?"

111 CEDAR ST.,
CLINTON, MASS.

Dear Editor: I would like to become a member of your Club. I am eight years of age; my birthday is on the 15th of November. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday and enjoy it very much. I am in the first class of the Third Grade at Sunday school. Miss Hennis is our teacher; Mr. French is the Superintendent; Rev. James C. Duncan is our minister. I would like to correspond with some one of my age.

Yours truly,
ROBERTA MIEHLKE.

16 FLETCHER ST.,
WINCHESTER, MASS.

Dear Editor: I would like to belong to the Beacon Club and wear its pin. The story in the January 18 issue is very exciting. I am ten years old and am in the sixth grade in Sunday school and in Grammar School.

Sincerely yours,
BETSY HIGGINS.

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

Puzzlers

Twisted Names of Flowers

1. Ydias
2. Omrailgd
3. Uetbl
4. Bputretue
5. Iseltht

KATHARINE BLANCHARD,
Winchester, Mass.

Reduction

An eight-letter word meaning marveled. Drop one letter, rearrange the others, and suffocated by immersion in a liquid remains. Drop another and it becomes dejected. Drop another and it is held by right. Another and a hard knot is left. Yet another, and there is one left. Another, and the result is forward. One more and a ring remains.

—E. D. A. in *Scattered Seeds*.

Anagram Puzzle

Title and Author of a well-known Book:
"Wto Iteltl Owenam—yb Rolynea Lewsl."
MARIE VON ZECH.

Answers to Puzzles in No. 18

Rhymes.—Ate, date, plate, grape, Kate, gate, wait, mate, skate, late.

Three Squares.—

I	II
G I R L	B A B Y
I D E A	A G U E
R E S T	B U L L
L A T H	Y E L K

III
H E A D
E B R O
A R M S
D O S E

THE BEACON

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MARIE W. JOHNSON, *Editor*

THE BEACON is published weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June, by THE BEACON PRESS, INC., 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. Distributed also at 285 Madison Ave., New York City; 105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago; 2416 Allston Way, Berkeley, Calif.

Single subscription, 60 cents.

School subscription, 50 cents.

Entered at the Boston Post-Office as second-class matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917.

264 KING ST.,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
Dear Editor: I would like to join the Beacon Club and wear its pin. I enjoy reading *The Beacon* every Sunday. I am twelve years old and I would like some girl of my age to correspond with me.
Yours truly,
WILLHELMINA ("BILLIE") MELTON.

18 GROVE ST.,
WINCHESTER, MASS.
Dear Editor: I would like to join the Beacon Club. I go to the Unitarian Church and like it. My teacher's name is Miss Cummings. I am in the fifth grade. I like to do the puzzles in *The Beacon*.
Sincerely yours,
WINSOR NICKERSON.

The Wonderful Time on the Farm
By LEROY LITTLE (AGE 10)

One day a little boy thought how much fun it would be to live on a farm. When he told his mother about it she said, "My dear little boy, I will ask your father if he would like to live on a farm." Father said, "I was thinking that that would be fine." So before very long they had a farm.

"The first thing I will do," said Walter, "is to ride the horses."

Walter came in at dinner time very much excited. "Mother," he said, "I am having the best time I ever had."

After dinner Mother said, "Now wipe the dishes and then I have a surprise for you."

"What is it?" said Walter.

His mother did not answer, but opened a basket and out jumped a kitten.

"Oh Mother," said Walter. "I love the kitten better than I do the horses."

After supper, when Walter's father went out to milk the cow, he found a cute little brown-and-white calf. When he returned with the pail of milk, he said, "Walter, what do you suppose I found in the barn? Can you guess what it is?"

"No, tell me," said Walter.

"Run out to the barn and see," said his father.

"Won't he be surprised when he finds a calf," said his father to his mother, after Walter had run down to the barn.

"He certainly will," replied his mother.

Now Walter has a farm, a kitten, a horse, and a calf.